

# I'm a Playa

## Paul Wall

Yes sir, Swisha House  
DJ Paul and Juicy J productions  
Paul Wall, Swisha House, Hypnotize Minds  
Three 6 Mafia, it's goin' down  
Eighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank  
It's Paul Wall baby, yeah that's me  
These hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout  
Princess cuts all on my neck  
And on my wrist and in my mouth  
Do's open, do's close  
Where's the camera I'll strike a pose  
I'm still ridin' on elbows  
In eighty-threes and eighty-fo's  
The gangsta slab is what I flip  
Woodgrain is what I grip  
That purple drank is what I sip  
In my cell phone keep a chip  
I'm talkin' bid'ness I put it down  
I'm choppin' blades and I'm poppin' shrooms  
I'm from the land of that fry smoke  
Got plex I got the pump  
Weighted trunk and chunk the deuce  
Keep it movin' I'm on the prow  
I'm on the hunt for some one night love  
Best believe that it's goin' down  
Money and hoes, cars and clothes  
Diamond rings and ice grills  
Swisha House we keep it trill  
And hold it down baby what's the deal  
Eighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank  
We put them 47 inch jelly  
Screens in them Escalade  
We po' that purple drank  
Straight up like it's that Kool-Aid

We like them girls  
That eat it up and never be afraid While you cry but ask  
How they givin' up the fade  
Ye ain't got screens  
If they ain't touch screen  
With the removable screen  
Lookin' mean on the scene When hoes see me  
They sayin' everybody ain't able  
'Cause I turned the back of my Caddy  
Pickup into a pool table Juicy J, I'm the mayne  
Got the G's, fuck the fame  
See a lil' freak, run some game  
And she goin' I'm a take some brain  
I'm on the slab, posted up  
White Cadillac with the white guts I'm on the scene, drinkin' lean  
Mixed with Spire in a plastic cup  
I'm from the hood, call it North  
Where Project Pat went to jail and court  
But now he back on the Southern bricks  
We gonna drink a lot and players smoke  
Newport uptown Hit the blush, or watch  
These diamonds blind you up  
Nothin' but self-made millionaires  
So you can shut the fuck Eighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank  
Eighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank Eighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank  
Eighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank I got a deep freezer up on my neck  
And snow cones up in my ear  
A ice tray up in my mouth  
I'm lookin' somethin' like a chandelier  
You can call me the ice man  
I cause a blizzard every time I breathe  
Posted up on that South Lee  
With Big Mix and my boy Lil' Heat Where's the drank I'm runnin' low  
Cabbage Head told me it's a drought  
But not to worry dough never doubt  
I'll go to the doctor with a cough  
It's Paul Wall baby that's my name  
Fly like a plane what it do  
I drop the top of my potnah plaque  
And chunk the deuce to that boy Gooch Just like a midget I'm sittin' low  
And like a snail I'm crawlin' slow

Where's Mike, where's Bawdy  
He on the grind ducked on the low  
Yeah, I like my music slow  
Yeah, I like my train mud  
I'm chopped up by Michael Watts  
It's Paul Wall baby that's what's upEighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drank  
Eighty-fo's, candy paint  
Switchin' lanes, sippin' drankI'm a playa, ain't no doubt  
Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout  
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt  
Hoes wanna know what I'm 'bout  
I'm a playa, ain't no doubt  
Hoes wanna know what I'm 'boutI'm a playa, I'm a playa  
I'm a playa, I'm a playa  
I'm a playa, I'm a playa

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